Pop to page 20 for Popeye the Sailor!

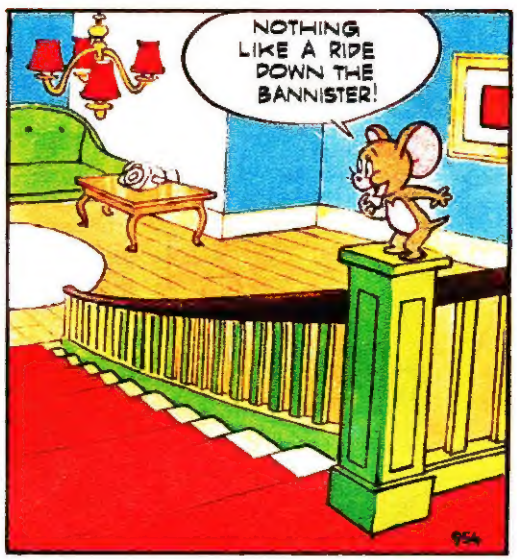
TV COMIC

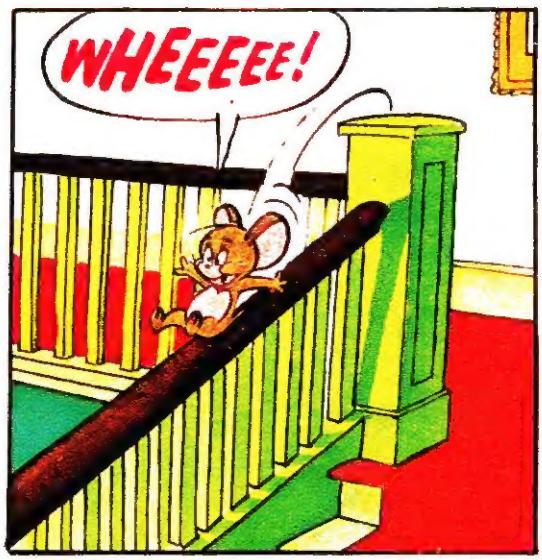
8d

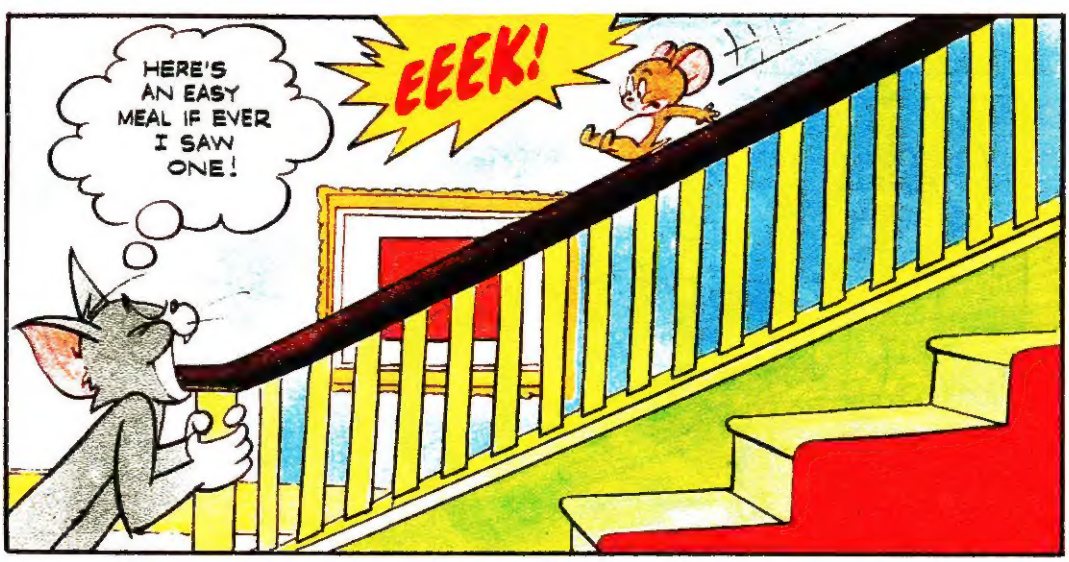
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

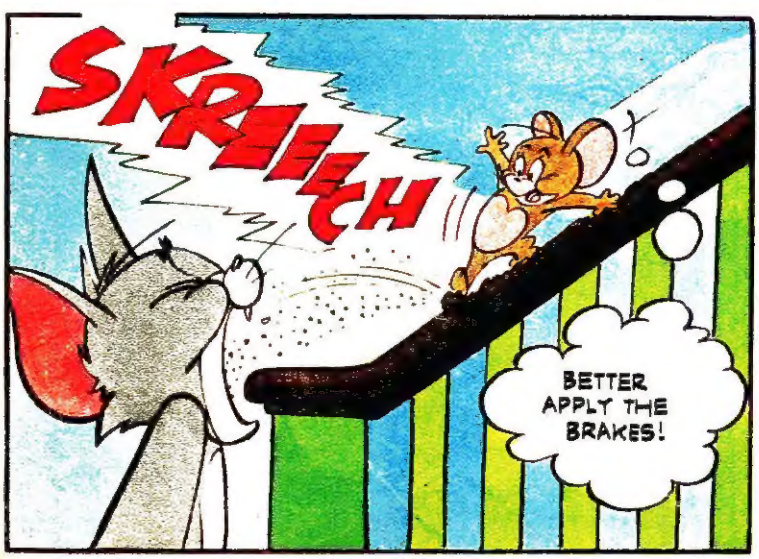
Every Monday | Week Ending 28th March. 1970 | Number 954

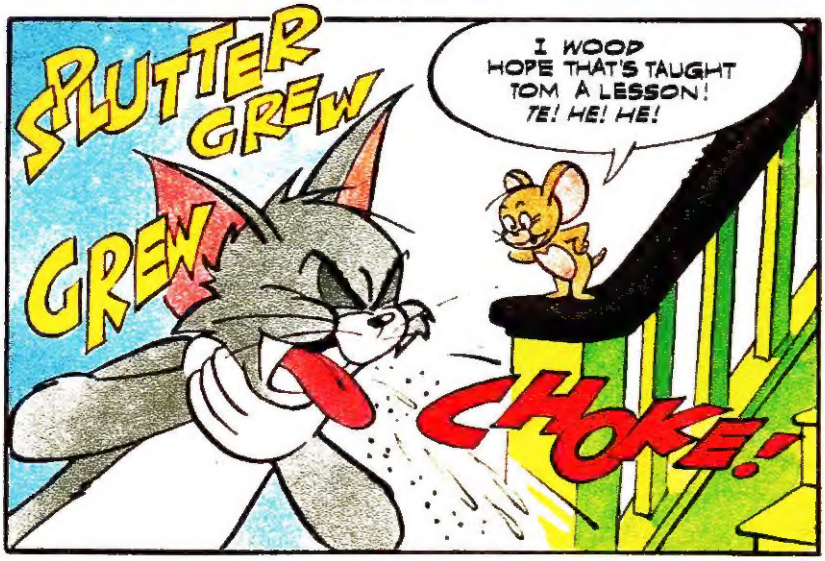
TOM and JERRY











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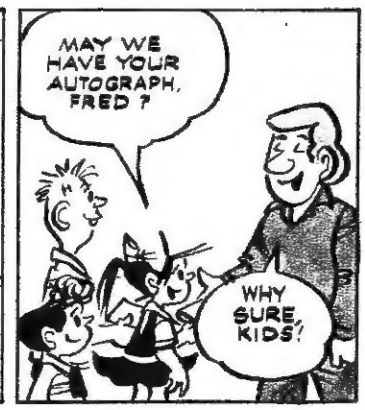
More mouseterics on page 2.

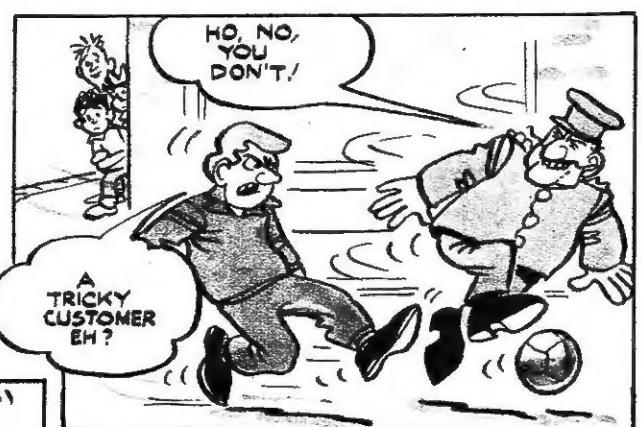
A LITTLE LATER...
I CAN ENJOY A REAL SLIDE HERE WITHOUT ANY INTERFERENCE FROM THAT CAT!
954
HERE'S MY CHANCE TO MAKE SURE OF THAT MOUSE ONCE AND FOR ALL!
HEH! HEH! ONE GOOD THING ABOUT BEING A MOUSE IS YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY!
HELTA SKELTA
6D
WAY IN
THIS SHOULD BE FUN!
... THIS TIME THERE WON'T BE ANY SLIP-UPS!
OUTTA MY WAY!
HEY!
I'LL GO FIRST!
WHEEEEEEEE
KERUNCH!
ARGH!
TUG! TUG!
LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S GONE AND PUT HIS FOOT IN IT! CHORTLE! CHORTLE!

Tom hatches an evil plan next week, with an Easter Egg!

TV Terrors



WHAT SAY WE HAVE A KICK AROUND FOR A LITTLE WHILE, HOPPIT! MY INTERVIEW ISN'T FOR ANOTHER FIFTEEN MINUTES!
IT'D BE AN HONOUR, FRED!



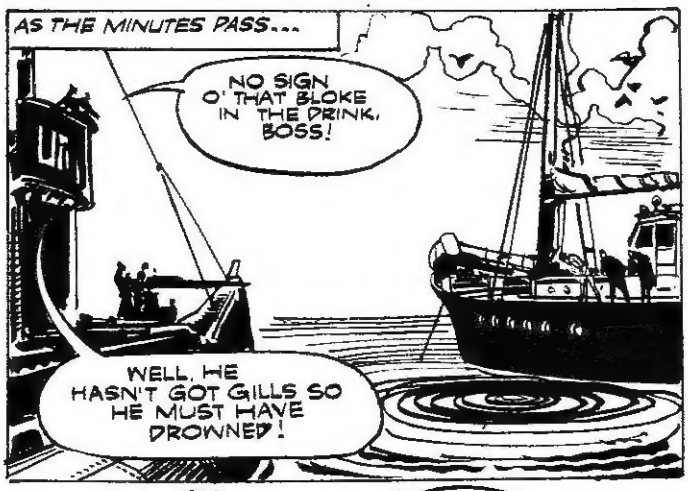
Brain versus boot as usual next week, readers!

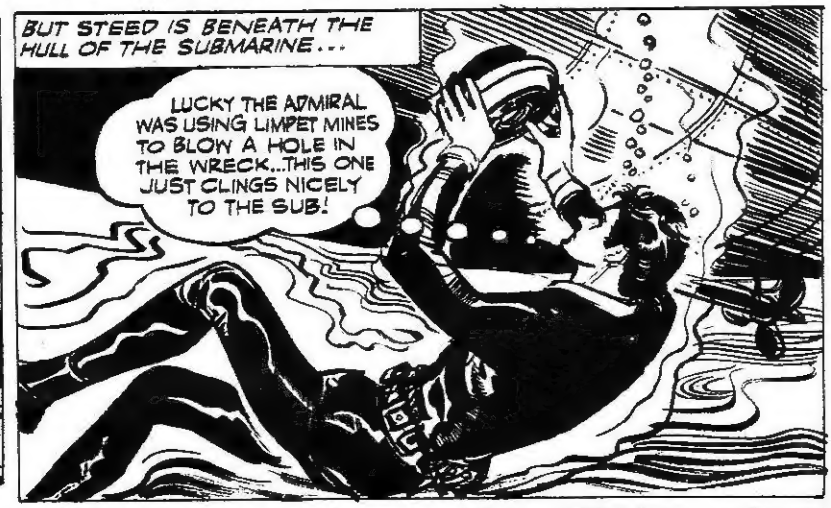
THE AVENGERS

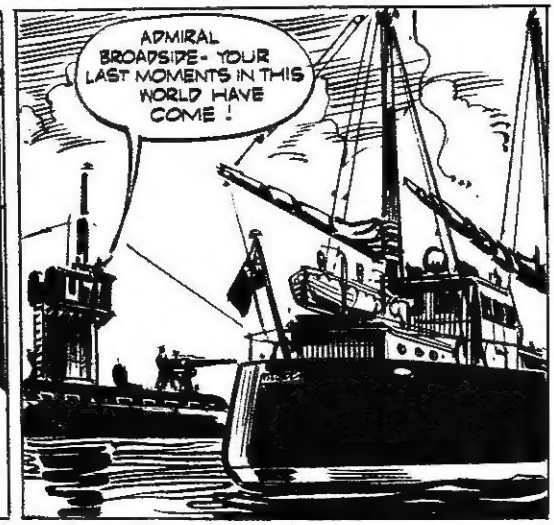
ATTEMPTS have been made on the life of Admiral Horatio Broadside to prevent him taking part in a forthcoming NATO fleet exercise—John Steed and Tara King have been ordered to protect the Admiral, and go with him on a hunt for a sunken treasure ship. They find the wreck but are then attacked by a mysterious submarine . . .

BELAY THAT LAUGHING, GIRL! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? YOU'VE JUST KNOCKED STEED INTO THE WATER!
YES...HA! HA! I'VE JUST REALISED WHAT HE INTENDS TO DO...

AND AT LAST REACHES THE FREAK AIRLOCK IN THE GALLEON...
PHEW! IT'S STALE AIR... BUT IT SHOULD KEEP ME ALIVE FOR FIVE MINUTES OR SO IF I BREATHE LIGHTLY!



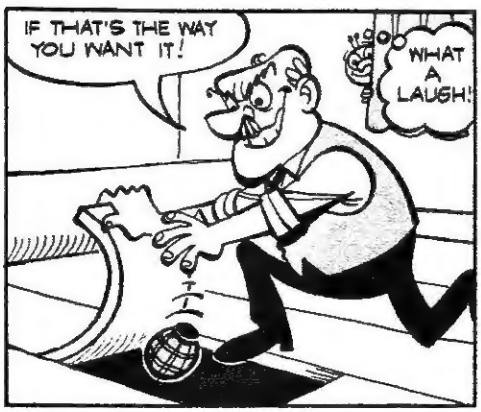

BUT STEED IS BENEATH THE HULL OF THE SUBMARINE...
LUCKY THE ADMIRAL WAS USING LIMPET MINES TO BLOW A HOLE IN THE WRECK...THIS ONE JUST CLINGS NICELY TO THE SUB!

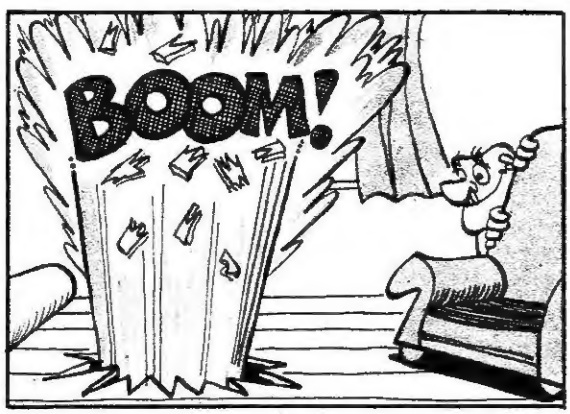


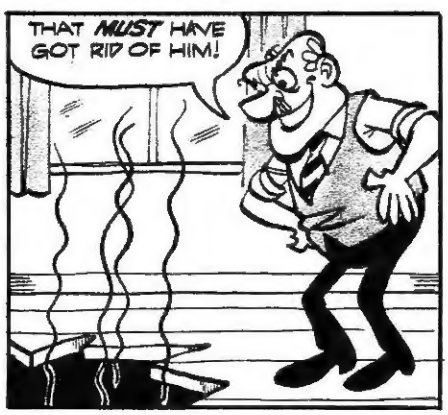
Based on the Thames Television production

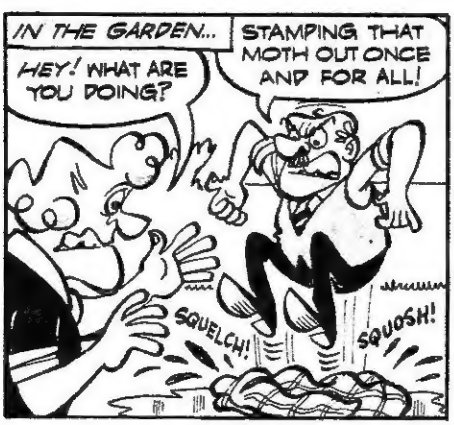
Don't miss the all-action climax next week!

MIGHTY MOTH









Dad plays a " yoke " on Mighty next week and traps him in an egg !

CATWEAZLE

CATWEAZLE, the wizard from 1087 who has arrived in 1970, is trying to make a spell to bring him silver. He wants to pay Carrot for the food that Carrot has been supplying him with, but he has no modern money . . . . . .

BUT THE SACKFUL OF SILVER HAS REALLY BEEN STOLEN BY TWO BURGLARS...
THERE Y'ARE, 'ENRY, I TOLD 'YER I KNEW A GOOD 'IDING PLACE. NOBODY WON'T INTERFERE WITH OUR SWAG IN THIS OLD TANK!
YOU GOT BRAINS, 'ERBUTT!

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Can Catweazle escape ? See next week !

Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES featuring the Keystone Kops

YIKE! THE KOMMISSIONER WANTS ME TO VISIT HIM WITH MY ANNUAL KRIME REPORT!
NOTHING MAKES ME MORE NERVOUS.... I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M GONNA FACE HIM WITH OUR TERRIBLE KRIME FIGURES!
KOURAGE CHIEFY, DON'T GO TO PIECES!
KRIME REPORT
I'LL TAKE THE STAGE TO THE KOMMISSIONER'S PLACE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILLS!
GOOD LUCK, CHIEFY!
HEY UP THAR!
KLATTER
RUMBLE
OUT IN THE DESERT...
YIKE! JUST OUR LUCK TO BE ATTACKED BY A WAR PARTY!
WHOOP WHOOP
DON'T WORRY! AH KIN OUTRUN THE KRITTERS! GID AP THAR!
THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING I MAY NEVER REACH THE KOMMISSIONER!
SLICE
S-W-I-S-H
LATER.....
THEY MIGHT'VE PUT UP A SAFETY RAIL!
KLATTER
KLATTER
YEYIKE! LOOK AT THAT GAP!
HANG ON T' YER HAT, CHIEFY!
KLATTER
HEYO, HOY!
GULP!
A LITTLE LATER.
HERE WE ARE AT THE KOMMISSIONER'S MANSION!
BOY, WHAT AN EXPERIENCE! NOTHING COULD MAKE ME NERVOUS AFTER THAT!
SO..
HI, KOMMISSIONER!
I WILL HAVE A CIGAR...THANKS!
WHY, OF ALL THE....
KRIME REPORT
MY LADS AND I DO THE BEST WE KAN...THE KRIME REPORTS ON YOUR DESK, YOU KAN LIKE IT OR LUMP IT!
WELL I NEVER...YOU'RE NOT A NERVOUS TYPE ....I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH KONFIDENCE!

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

Keep kackling with the Kops and Saloon Sam, next week!

Tich and Quackers

MIND THE STORE WHILE I'M AT THE STUDIO! I'LL BE BACK LATER!

YOU CAN RELY ON US, RAT!

954

LATER...

HALLO, CONSTABLE BROWN! WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?

I'VE COME TO GIVE YOU A WORD OF WARNING!

THERE'S A ROBBER LOOSE IN THE AREA, SO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR HIM!

THANKS FOR THE TIP-OFF! I'LL ARRANGE A FEW PRECAUTIONS IN CASE HE SHOWS UP!

I KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO TO PROTECT OURSELVES!

HEH! HEH! IF THE ROBBER TURNS UP HE'LL GET MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR!

A LITTLE LATER...

WOW! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE BANDIT... HE'S GOING FOR HIS GUN!

STICK 'EM UP!

HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

I ONLY WANT SIX PENNYWORTH OF *BRANDY BALLS!*

SO SORRY, SIR! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A CROOK! MY MISTAKE!

THE BRANDY BALLS ARE ON THAT TOP SHELF! CAN YOU FLUTTER UP AND GET *THEM, QUACKERS?*

LEAVE IT TO ME, TICH!

JUST THEN... STICK 'EM UP! I SAW YOUR *TRICK GUN* POP OUT AT THAT CHAP THROUGH THE WINDOW... *SO I CAME IN THE BACK WAY!*

YIKE! IT REALLY IS THE RAIDER THIS TIME!

NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL CLEAR OFF WITH YOUR CASH! *HEH! HEH!*

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, CHUM!

BRANDY BALLS

KERUMP!

ERK!

I THINK THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL *SWEET* REVENGE, QUACKERS! *HAW! HAW!*

HO! HO! HO!

HE! HE! HE!

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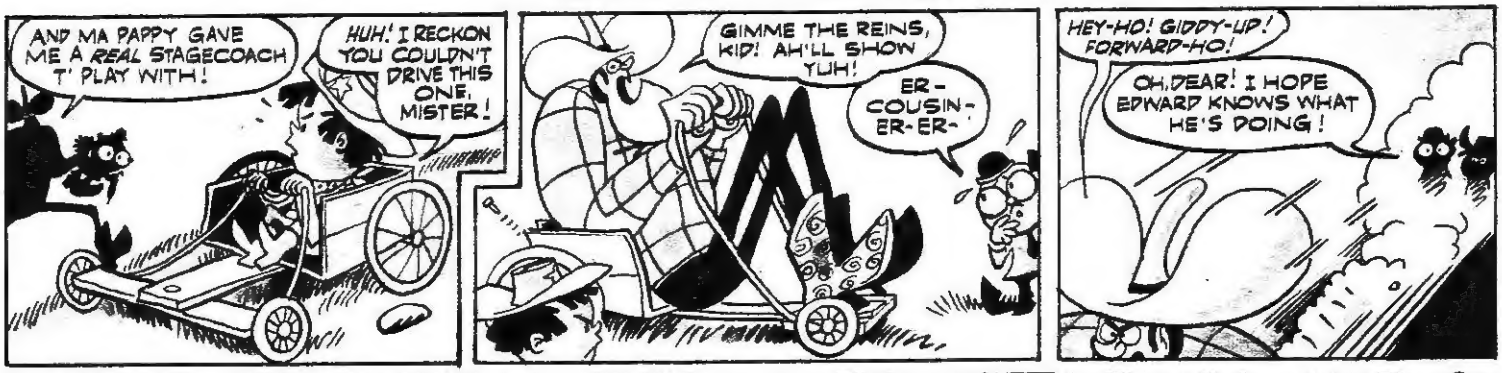
based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

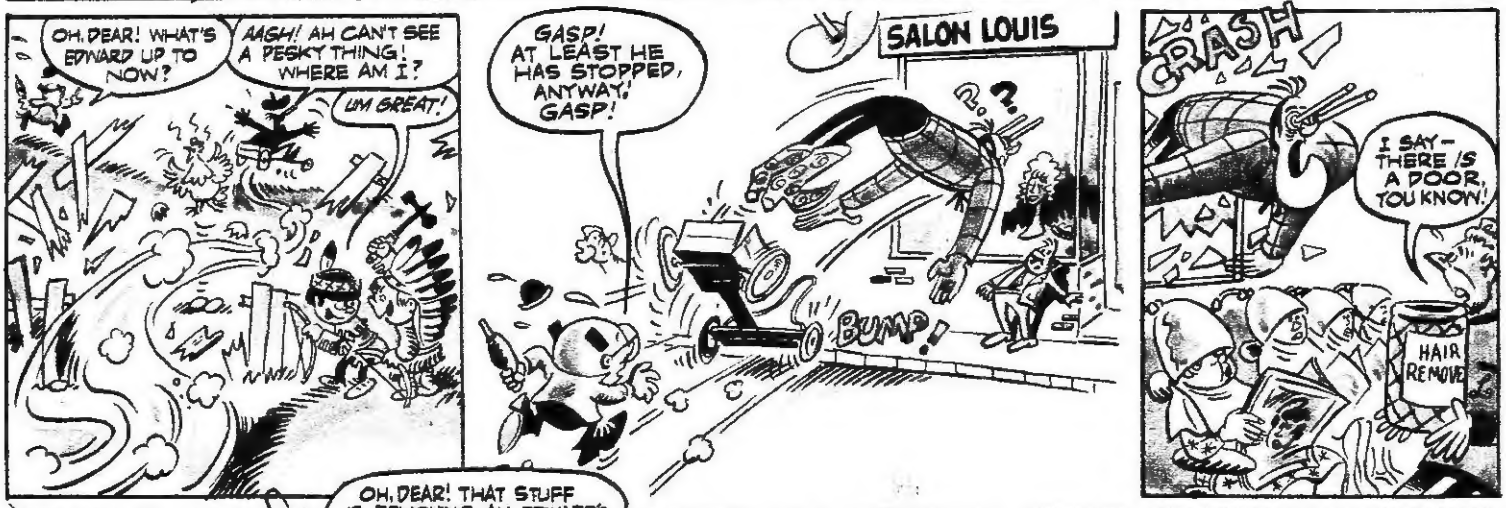
Big laughs with little Tich next week!

TEXAS TED

Big hat, big head

STUPID LITTLE BALL! WHY, WE GROWS BIGGER PEAS THAN THAT BACK HOME.
MA PAPPY MADE ME PLAY WITH MEDICINE BALLS, THAT'S WHY WE TEXANS HAVE BIGGER MUSCLES THAN YOU BRITONS!
REALLY, COUSIN EDWARD.


AND MA PAPPY GAVE ME A REAL STAGECOACH T' PLAY WITH!
HUH! I RECKON YOU COULDN'T DRIVE THIS ONE, MISTER!
GIMME THE REINS, KID! AH'LL SHOW YUH!
ER-COUSIN-ER-ER-
HEY-HO! GIDDY-UP! FORWARD-HO!
OH, DEAR! I HOPE EDWARD KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!


OH, DEAR! WHAT'S EDWARD UP TO NOW?
AAGH! AH CAN'T SEE A PESKY THING! WHERE AM I?
UM GREAT!
GASP! AT LEAST HE HAS STOPPED, ANYWAY, GASP!
SALON LOUIS
BUMP!
CRASH
I SAY- THERE IS A DOOR, YOU KNOW!
HAIR REMOVE

OH, DEAR! THAT STUFF IS REMOVING ALL EDWARD'S HAIR!
HELP!
SPLAT
SERVES HIM RIGHT! HE MUST BE A MADMAN!
BACK HOME...
HO! HO! SOME STAGECOACH DRIVER YOU ARE, TED! DID THE INDIANS SCALP YOU?
THAT'S THE BIGGEST BALD HEAD I EVER SAW!
EVERYTHING IS BIG IN TEXAS!

Gargantuan guffaws with Texas Ted next week!

BASIL BRUSH

RA-RA-RA! UP THE CORINTHIANS!

THE GUV'S ALL EXCITED TODAY - HIS OLD SCHOOL'S PLAYING THEIR OLD RIVALS AT RUGGER THIS AFTERNOON!

RA! RA! RA!

COME ALONG, CHUMMERS — WE'LL GO AND SEE THE CHAPS IN THE DRESSING ROOM BEFORE THE JOLLY OLD GAME STARTS!

I PREFERS A GAME O'SOCCER MYSELF!

WHAT-HO, CHAPS! ALL FIT AND RARING TO GO, EH?

WELL, 14 OF US ARE FIT, BASSIE - BUT SMYTHE-JONES TWISTED HIS ANKLE GETTING DOWN FROM THE COACH. WE'RE A MAN SHORT!

THAT'S TOUGH, CHAPS! BUT NEVER FEAR, BASSIE'S HERE!

B-B-B-BUT!

CRUMBS! I DIDN'T KNOW THE GUV'NOR PLAYED RUGGER!

WE BRUSHES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN FINE RUGGER PLAYERS - IT'S IN THE BREEDING, YOU KNOW! COMES NATURALLY TO US ALL!

I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE IT!

THE GAME STARTS...

RIGHT, BASSIE - HERE'S THE BALL! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!

LEAVE IT TO BASIL!

CRUNCH!

BY JOVE! WHERE DID BASSIE LEARN TO JINK LIKE THAT?

W-WHERE IS HE?

SUFFERING SCRUMS! HE'S MORE SLIPPERY THAN A BUTTERED EEL!

CRUMP!

NICE SANDWICH, CHAPS - BUT THE FILLING'S GONE!

WHAT A TRY! AN ABSOLUTE SPIFFER!

NEVER KNEW OLD BASSIE HAD IT IN HIM!

LATER...

YER'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT, BUT THE GUV'NOR'S JUST SCORED HIS NINTH TRY!

BRAVO!

GIVE US ANOTHER ONE!

LONG LIVE BASSIE!

FULL-TIME...

REALLY, CHAPS - IT WAS NOTHING AT ALL! NOTHING AT ALL!

TEN TRIES AND HE CALLS THAT NOTHING!

YOU WERE GREAT, GUV - BUT WHAT'S ALL THAT GUFF ABAHT IT BEING ALL IN THE BREEDING?

QUITE SIMPLE, CHUMMERS - QUITE SIMPLE!

IT ALL STARTED LONG BEFORE THE DAYS OF TELLY, OLD CHAP - WE FOXES HAD TO BE FAST AND NIPPY TO GET AWAY FROM THE HOUNDS! AS I SAID - IT'S INBRED!

COR, LUVADUCK!

More artful "brushwork" next week with our famous fox!

ANIMAL MAGIC

by Johnny Morris

THE sea horses live in the Aquarium and spend the day just drifting around. Sometimes, they will twine their tails around the green reeds and rest, watching the visitors peering at them.

WHAT A PITY THOSE SEA HORSES AREN'T A LOT BIGGER!

WHY?

WELL I COULD RIDE THEM!

NOT UNDERWATER YOU WOULDN'T!

ARE THERE SUCH THINGS AS LANDHORSES?

OH, YES! BUT THEY ARE MUCH BIGGER THAN YOU!

AND DO YOU PEOPLE RIDE ABOUT ON THOSE LANDHORSES?

OH, YES. AND WE HAVE RACES ON THEM!

I SHOULD HATE TO BE RIDDEN ON!

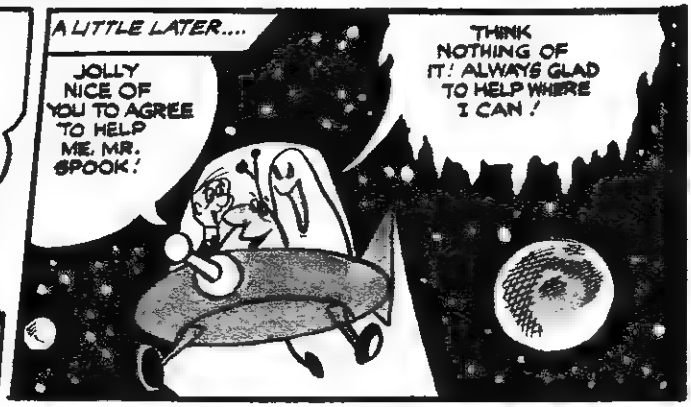
WE HAVE A LOT TO BE THANKFUL FOR!

Johnny Morris introduces more animal magic next week!

ASTRONUT

LOOK AT THE STATE OF THIS PLACE... DON'T YOU EVER CLEAN UP? I SUPPOSE YOU'VE LEFT ALL THE WASHING UP IN THE SINK! NAG! NAG! NAG!
IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME WHEN AUNT AGATHA VISITS ME!

LATER....
THANK GOODNESS YOU'VE TURNED UP, ASTRO! I MUST GET AWAY FOR A WHILE BEFORE THAT AUNT OF MINE DRIVES ME CRACKERS!
A NICE TRIP THROUGH SPACE WILL TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THINGS!



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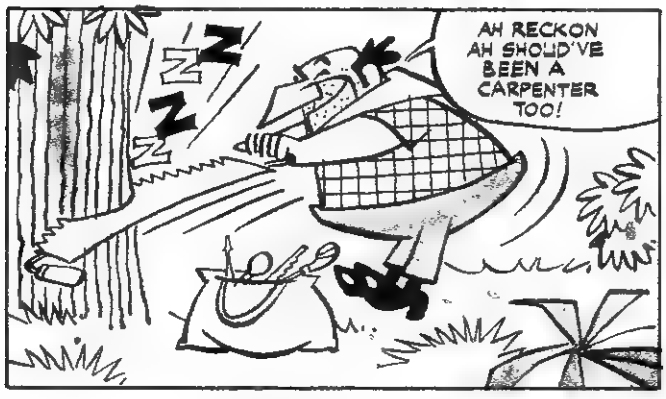
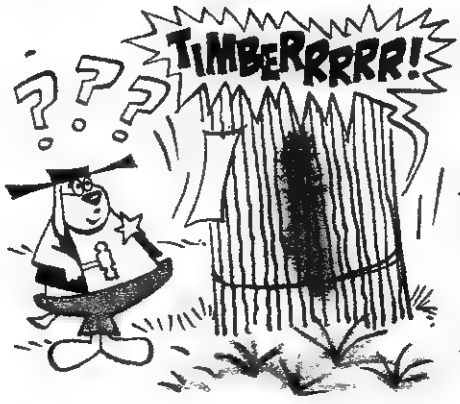
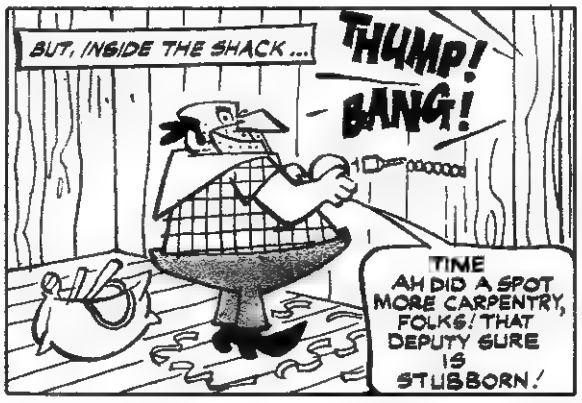
Oscar gets in a flap with a big bird next week!

Deputy Dawg

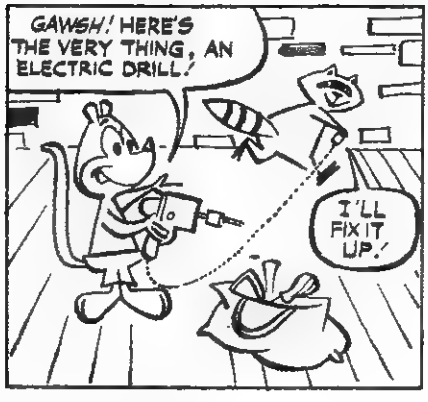
AH SHOULD'VE BEEN A CARPENTER, NOT A DOGGONE DEPUTY! AH SPENDS MORE O' MA TIME NAILIN' UP WANTED POSTERS!
WANTED
KANSAS CHARLIE $1000 REWARD
954







HEH! HEH! AH'LL REMOVE DEPUTY'S GUNS NOW, THEN HE CAN'T COME AFTER ME A-SHOOTIN'! HEH! HEH!
COME ON, FELLAHS! I RECKON IT'S TIME WE GAVE DEPUTY DAWG A HAND!



SEEING AS HOW YUH LIKES CARPENTRY, CHARLIE, YUH CAN JUST MAKE ME A NEW TABLE! THIS THINGS ON ITS LAST LEGS!
TRUST THAT DAWG T'RUB IT IN!

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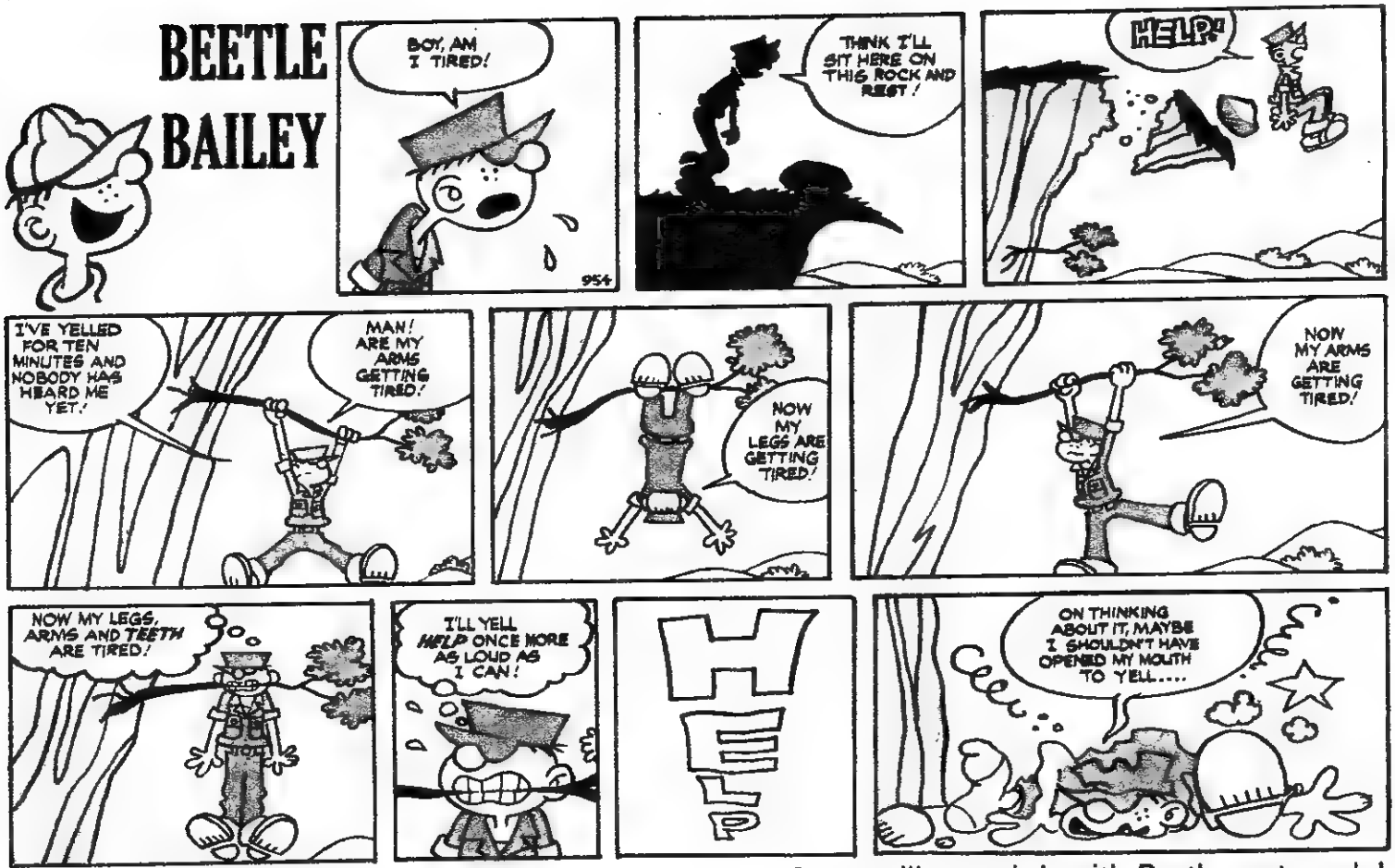
Another crazy cowboy caper with Deputy Dawg next week!

BEETLE BAILEY


BOY, AM I TIRED!
954
THINK I'LL SIT HERE ON THIS ROCK AND REST!
HELP!
I'VE YELLED FOR TEN MINUTES AND NOBODY HAS HEARD ME YET!
MAN! ARE MY ARMS GETTING TIRED!
NOW MY LEGS ARE GETTING TIRED!
NOW MY ARMS ARE GETTING TIRED!
NOW MY LEGS, ARMS AND TEETH ARE TIRED!
I'LL YELL HELP ONCE MORE AS LOUD AS I CAN!
HELP
ON THINKING ABOUT IT, MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE OPENED MY MOUTH TO YELL....

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More military mirth with Beetle next week!

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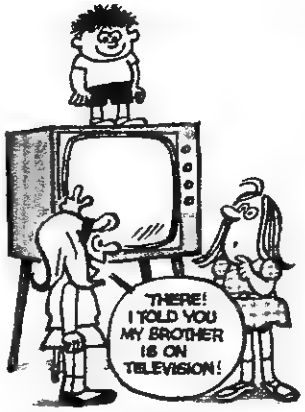

Julie White, Renishaw, Nr. Sheffield.

M. C. O'Flynn, Ipswich, Suffolk.

BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS...
DOOMED DUMMY
I AIN'T USED MY GUNS FER WELL NIGH A WEEK! THE DURN THINGS ARE FULL O' COBWEBS! THEY'LL BE A-GETTIN' RUSTY FER SURE!
BUT IT AIN'T RIGHT EVEN FER A BAD OLD PIRATE T' GO ABOUT A-SHOOTIN' UP FOLKS WHEN THEY AIN'T A-DONE NOTHIN' WRONG!
954
G-GOSH! DID YOU HEAR THAT? I'D BETTER MAKE SURE THIS CAT DON'T DO ANYTHING WRONG TODAY!
GREAT TOTTERIN' MAINMASTS! I DON'T BELIEVE MY EYES!
BIRD SEED
NEITHER DO I. BUT I'M NOT COMPWAINING!
THE WORD HAS GOT AROUND.....
GREAT BARRELS OF BUCKSHOT! EVEN DAFFY DUCK AIN'T A-DOING NOTHIN' WRONG! HE'S A-LEARNIN'!
PIGEON ENGLISH FOR DUCKS
THE DUCK SAT ON THE TRUCK!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT! I'LL MAKE A DUMMY O' SYLVESTER AND THEN I KIN BLAST AWAY AT IT TO MY HEART'S CONTENT!
NOW TO GET THIS OLD PIRATE A NICE BIG HORN O' POWDER SO'S I KIN BLAST AWAY AT THAT DUMMY ALL DAY!
I SAY, SOME KIND SIR..... A FAN OF MINE NO DOUBT.....HAS MADE A MODEL OF THIS CAT!
HOWEVER, I SHALL HAVE TO POINT OUT TO THIS UNKNOWN STRANGER THAT I AM DECIDEDLY MORE HANDSOME. AS FINE A SPECIMEN AS.....
NOW THEN.....WHERE BE THAT MANGY CAT SO'S I KIN GET A-BLASTIN'?
YIKES! THAT OLD PIRATE'S COMING GUNNING FOR ME! HE'S GONE BACK ON HIS WORD! GULP!
GULP! MAYBE IF THIS CAT KINDA STANDS MOTIONLESS-LIKE, THAT GUN-HAPPY PIRATE WILL SORT OF MISTAKE ME FOR THE DUMMY AND MOVE ON!
BLAM!
BLAST!
DARN FOOL CAT! WHY DID HE GO AND HIDE MY DUMMY? JUST AIN'T NO ACCOUNTIN' FER FOLKS! MUST KINDA LIKE BEIN' SHOT-UP!

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Another showful of fun with Bugs next week!

Wall's
WALL'S JOLLY JELLY
JOLLY FULL OF JELLY
JELLYFUL OF FUN
WHAT A GOOD IDEA!
Wall's
Jolly Jelly
Wall's Jolly Jelly:
strawberry jelly covered in strawberry ice cream with a crunchy choc top.

Larry Harmon's

LAUREL & HARDY

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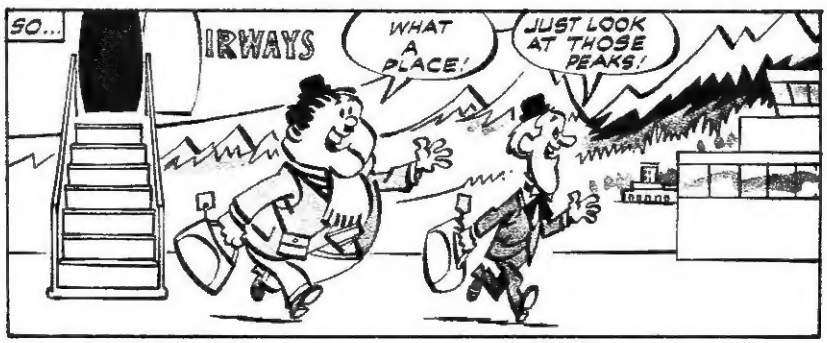

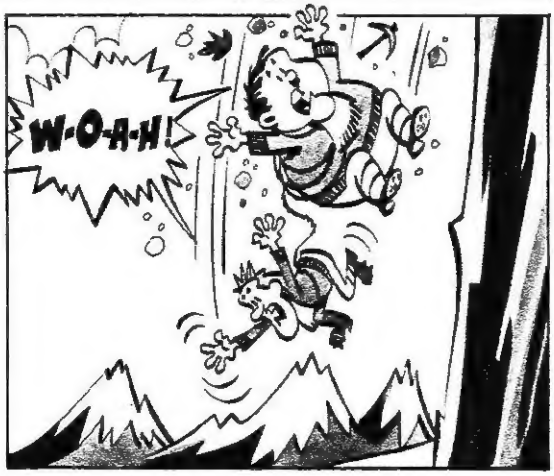

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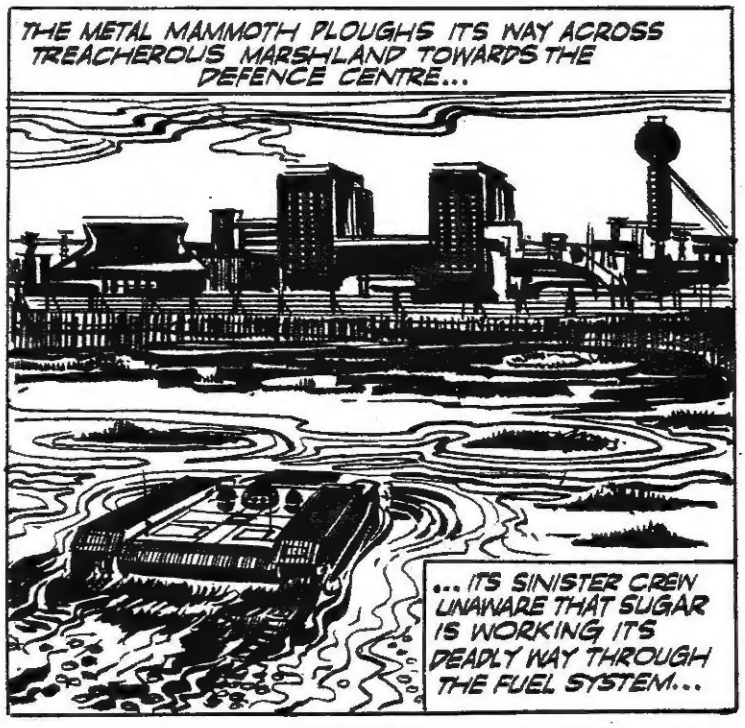
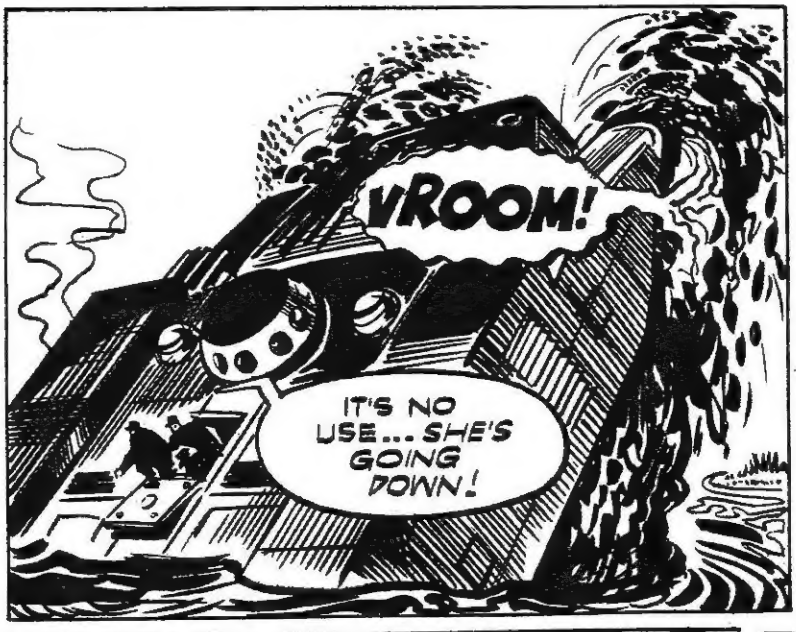
DOCTOR WHO

AN incredible, armoured vehicle, called the Multi-Mobile, has been stolen by foreign agents bent on destroying the British Nuclear Defence Control Centre. Armoured divisions and R.A.F. fighters have failed in attempts to halt its advance and in a last desperate bid, Dr. Who leads an ill-fated U.N.I.T. attack . . .


THE METAL MAMMOTH PLOUGHS ITS WAY ACROSS TREACHEROUS MARSHLAND TOWARDS THE DEFENCE CENTRE...
...ITS SINISTER CREW UNAWARE THAT SUGAR IS WORKING ITS DEADLY WAY THROUGH THE FUEL SYSTEM...



LATER, IN THE BRIGADIER'S OFFICE AT U.N.I.T. HEADQUARTERS...
TELL ME, DOCTOR! HOW ON EARTH DID YOU MANAGE TO STOP THE MULTI-MOBILE WHEN THE R.A.F. AND U.N.I.T. FAILED?
I'LL EXPLAIN OVER TEA, BRIGADIER... TWO LUMPS, PLEASE.

Next week a sensational new Dr. Who adventure!

POPEYE
TOUGH ON TOUGHS
I NEEDS PROTECTION AGAINST DAT POPEYE!
I WANTS T' HIRE PROTECTION!
YOU'RE NEVER ALONE WITH A THUG
WHY OF COURSE, SIR!
DON'T BE A MUG HIRE A THUG
BOY, DO I FEEL BRAVE!
THAT'S THE FELLER WHO'S BIN PICKIN' ON ME!
IS AT SO? WELL NOW WE'LL PICK ON HIM!
WE'RE GONNA ROUGH YOU UP, BUDDY!
RIGHT! I ALWAYS TAKES ME COAT ORFF FER A FIGHT!
ALLOW ME T' HELP YOU GUYS OFF WIT' YOURS... OH, GORSH! WHAT WEEDS!
HEY!
WHAT TH...?
I COULD BLOW YOU TWO OVER... IN FACT I WILL! P-H-E-W!
FAT LOT OF GOOD THEY WERE... I'D GO AND ASK FOR YOUR MONEY BACK, BRUTUS. ARF! ARF!
I WILL!
SO... I WANT MY MONEY BACK! THOSE BODY-GUARDS WERE NO GOOD!
CHEEK! WHADDYA EXPECT FOR THIRTY BOB?
I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT YOU WOULD'VE GOT FOR TEN POUNDS.
PRESS!
YIKE!
AS YOU CAN SEE, HE DOES A VERY GOOD SERVICE FOR HIS MONEY! HE! HE!
THUD!
BASH!
OOPH! CALL 'IM OFF!

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You'll cluck with laughter when Popeye buys a hen next week!